

Alamogordo News

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—By the—
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Who would ever have imagined that the Chicago river would ever go back on itself?

The surplus during the present fiscal year will do nicely for beginning the Nicaraguan canal.

It is only common decency for the United States not to add at present to England's difficulties.

England's nerve in calmly continuing her seizures is taking away the breaths of the nations of the world.

"Mystery hunting" goes on unabated in both houses of congress undiscouraged by continued failures to bag.

Suppose the war does cost. How long have Americans been counting money or their lives in the discharge of their duty?

The Car explains that he is merely experimenting when he sends troops to the Borders of India. He doesn't mean anything—yet.

It is rather late to say it, but it seems that Emperor William has decided to see some of the shortcomings of the twentieth century.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE says that the Philippines are one of the garden spots of the earth, and that Luzon is healthier than New York.

It is COLONEL BRYAN has been informed that he has any chance of winning this fall, he must be like Lord Methuen—deceived by his guides.

GOVERNOR SMITH of Maryland, though a Democrat, is an expansionist. He believes that he can be governor and retain his seat in congress.

"LADY WILSON's" husband has been wounded by the Boers. What's the use of a man being a hero when the papers speak of him in that way?

The Daily Slush Bucket has missed a trick. It hasn't yet sent a correspondent to Manila to describe Mrs. Aguinaldo's captured undergarments.

COLONEL BRYAN denies that he intends to ride an ostrich. But he will again attempt the humbly harder task of riding the Chicago platform.

WHILE Billy Mason is presenting resolutions of sympathy with pretty much everybody, he should not neglect St. Louis and the Chicago sewage canal.

What has become of Mr. Waterson? He was billed to appear at the Jackson-day love-feast in Omaha, but he didn't show up. Why the shyness of this?

It is probable that those gory tales from Kentucky are exaggerations, but if they prove true the United States government will preserve order there.

The wonder is not that Senator Culberson should not wish to lead the Democratic hosts this fall, but that Senator Jones of Arkansas should wish to do it.

The admission of Senator Quay to the senate now depends not so much on those who will vote for him, as on those who will stay away without being paired against him.

A HEADING on a last week's issue of an El Paso newspaper reads: Is there gas here? You bet there is, neighbor, and you won't have to go below the surface for it either.

A GLOOM was cast over the afternoon reception of Senator Dopey in Washington, the other day, by the fact that most of the Tammany delegates wore their swallow-tailed coats.

THERE is no danger of the battle of Manila ever being forgotten. At the same time the proposition to establish Dewey day as a national holiday should not be frowned upon.

SENATOR BEVERIDGE speaks of General Oth as "that devoted subject of the republic." It is a curious trait of the American people that they attack those who serve them most faithfully.

AN IMBROGLIO of the prosperity of the country under the present administration, is found in the fact that in last November alone orders were placed for 11,381 cars and 396 locomotives.

A STUDY of Mr. Bryan's recent speech to the commercial travelers, arouses the suspicion that Mr. Cleveland has been editing it. It contains much of the same mock polysyllabic profundity for which the latter was renowned.

SECRETARY WILSON says that the American official trade has increased from \$76,000,000 to \$73,000,000 in ten years, without the aid of the Philippines or the "open door." How much more will it increase with the aid of both?

If TULSA people succeed in flooding artesian water, at that place, the town will get the credit for being a greater benefactor to Otero county than any other locality or institution.

DEMOCRATS who expected anything from Mr. Sulzer's resolution to investigate Secretary Gage should have studied the former's record of results and compared it with his list of attempts.

THE NEWS is nothing if not ahead of the times. Its Las Cruces correspondent outlined Judge Parker's decision in the Elephant Butte Dam case ten days before the decision was rendered. It was a good guess.

The heirs of the late James H. Eads will soon receive the half million dollars retained by the United States government under the act of March 3, 1875, to be paid after twenty years' maintenance of the channel in the southwest pass of the Mississippi.

The northwest will be interested in a bill introduced by Senator Davis of Minnesota, restoring the annuities to the Sisseton and Wahpeton bands of Dakota or Sioux Indians and the Medawakanton and Wapahkoota (Santee) Sioux Indians, which were declared forfeited for misconduct in 1863.

The extension of the Norfolk navy yard has often been urged in the past. Senator Martin has taken steps to secure it by introducing in the senate a bill authorizing the secretary of the navy to purchase a tract lying 272 acres north of the present navy yard, and appropriating \$544,000 for the cost thereof.

CITIZENS of Oklahoma wish to add the "neutral strip" to their territory. Mr. Flynn, delegate from the territory, has introduced a bill directing the secretary of the interior to order an Indian inspector to visit the Kiowa and Comanche tribes of Indians, in Oklahoma territory, to negotiate with them for the relinquishment of all their interests in the tract. It contains 2,700 acres.

WHILE others are figuring on extensions of various railway lines to connect with the White Oaks route, and mapping out the future, THE NEWS is willing to stake its future on the assumption that no change will be made for the next four or five years at least, and not until the resources already opened are fully developed. And in all probability, no such change will ever be made, unless some road is willing to build to the White Oaks, and arrange for track-riding privileges.

A BLIND OPTIC.
Following are two articles which have recently appeared in the Santa Fe New Mexican and the Las Vegas Optic:

"New Mexico has about all the forest reserves it can stand. Even though a forest reserve were made of the whole Territory it would not change mountain torrents into majestic rivers nor make steady streams out of arroyos that at present are dry 304 days a year out of 365 days. If the money so far spent on forest reserves, and still being spent, were expended for storage reservoirs, the Territory might have forests of orchards instead of forests of aspens, but why should that be considered a calamity?"—New Mexican.

"It is a land where Indians have been taught eternal life from the bible and killed with bad whiskey." This is all wrong, surely. A blind as would be more merciful and effective. The Republican party should insert the reform in their platform.

"America is a place where women wear false hair and men dock their horses' tails." Horrors of horrors! Why don't the horses wear false tails and the women dock their hair?

What's the sense of forever doing things backwards, and spoiling the whole country?

"Add why to the name of common sense should be 'bibles sell for 15 cents, and whiskey for 5 cents.' By all means, reduce the price of bibles.

"America is a country where a man is put in congress for having three wives and in jail for having two." This is all wrong. The idea of putting a man in a place like congress for having three wives! By all means let the poor devil out and give him a pension. He has suffered enough already.

"In this country good whiskey makes bad men and bad men make good whiskey." This too is altogether wrong. Let the good men make the bad whiskey if they want to, and let the bad men make the good whiskey. I am strongly in favor of such reform.

"America is a country where a woman is made an outcast and her paramour flourishes as a gentleman." This is the height of impropriety. Paramours should be allowed to flourish as gentlemen too. Give them equal rights. I am in favor of going a little further with this system of reciprocity. Let the men and women give and take and share alike. If a married man wants to kiss a pretty girl, he should give his wife the same privilege—of kissing her.

"In America the people spend \$10,000 to bury a congressman and \$10 to bury a poor man." I am in favor of a reform here. The families of congressmen should be allowed to bury their dead for \$10. They are a poor set of people. As is shown the poor man is in my humble opinion class legislation, and therefore unconstitutional.

"In America people pay \$15 for a dog and 15 cents a dozen to women who make shirts." This is wrong. People should make shirts for fewer dogs and more shirts. With usage at a shilling a pound, dogs are not worth \$15, and the man that charges such an exorbitant price is a fold up, pure and simple.

"In America to be virtuous is to be lonesome." Mark Twain first gave birth to the expression and then Mr. Bryan. Later a democratic editor considered it good reading. Someone else may have said it also—so it must be so. It is a horrible thing to be lonesome, and you miss lots of good times that are going on right under your nose. Don't be lonesome.

America has a congress of 400 men to make laws and a supreme court of nine to set them aside. This phase of the country is not evenly balanced. The administration's expansion policy should be brought to bear on the supreme court.

"In America a man is sent to jail for stealing a loaf of bread and a congress of men is sent to jail for stealing a railroad." If a man steals a loaf of bread that his wife made, in favor of having him sent to the hospital at once. And the man who steals a railroad should be made to pay the in-

IN BAS RELIEF.
By Constant Writer.

It has been a long time since I have appeared in print. You have all read my articles at times. I am the first person singular,—the whole cheese. I am constantly myself "Not Populists." Very last "Constant Reader," etc. The editor of the metropolitan newspaper don't like to publish my articles because he says it costs too much money to set in type the rot I write. I like to express myself and would publish opinion, but don't oft. I am much more expressive when I write with a "we" and voice the heart throbs, thoughts and sufferings of seventy millions of people. But the editor of the paper says that "we" is now obsolete and used only by editorial writers who have never rode on the cars. So "I" will express myself!

Last week I picked up a Democratic newspaper and ascertained that the country was going to be denominated "bow-wow" again. It always goes there when the other political party wins. I personally know that the editor in question made a poor success of business under a Democratic administration and I very much fear that his present tirade against the Republican party means that he has designs on a position of something that is a paid job by the government, for such office holders are the only prosperous people under Democratic rule. The Democratic paper was very expressive in its vindictiveness. The editor had stolen some of the saying of a man named Brann who said a Populist newspaper in Waco, and he had interwoven those sayings with sage brush until they made a very creditable article. Probably he didn't know that I am aware of this; and perhaps I ought not to tell on him, but I can't stand it to see the United States abused in this way. The editor of the latest patriotism that was bequeathed me from the stock of an ancestor who participated in a Boston tea party. The man Brann, referred to above, was a sort of deniged-down in Texas. He does not hold the same position where he is today. He was killed by the editors of his own paper, through the columns of his paper. He was a very bitter writer and his style is often copied by seasonally inclined country editors. However, there is no danger of anyone wasting the time necessary to kill him. The fool killer will attend to that in time.

I learned from the Democratic newspaper that America is a land of 40,000,000 alms, bibles, forts and guns, houses of prayer, other places that I will not mention for fear my daughter will get hold of the paper, millionaires and paupers, liberties and liars, christians and chains gangs, politicians and paupers, school and scallawags, cranks and tramps, money and misery, homes and hunger, virtue and vice. A land where you can get a good bible for 15 cents and a bad drink of whiskey for 5 cents.

There was a whole lot of undesirable features about America that I never knew of before. I am sorry that I learned of them, because it makes me feel sad. The editor of the Democratic paper is also sorry, and from the bitterness of his reproaches, I think that he intends to seek a better country. Surely these things do not exist in other countries, and it must be Mr. McKinley's fault that they all exist in this country. If it isn't his fault, whose is it? He has been intrusted with the morals of the people and if he has not turned them over to a Democratic newspaper editor for reform, it is sheer neglect on his part and he should be censured.

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terest on his bonds and then he won't be so anxious to steal another one if he comes out of the ordeal with anything left.

"In America nudity is permitted only in first class theaters and ball rooms, and then not with males." The postal service should be revised to permit the passage of nude males as fourth class mail.

But, lastly, and worse than ever is the fact that "America is a land where the check book talks and she walks in broad daylight; justice is asleep and crime runs amuck, corruption permeates our whole social and political fabric and the devil laughs at every corner." I intend to get a check book from the last Democratic administration and let it talk to a woman that I know, and see if it can get in the last word. Sin should be confined to his laundry and not permitted to walk the streets in the glare of the electric sun. Justice should be furnished with an alarm clock or given a step ladder so that it can get up. If there is anything so funny about the corners that the devil is provoked to laugh at them, they should be moved to the center of the block.

If some change is not made pretty soon and my ideas incorporated in the platforms of the great political parties I am going to move back to Missouri where I won't be shown all the hideousness of life in America.

When 12 years ago, I walked from a little rural town in Michigan to Longhorns, away down in the southwest. The most prosperous man in the town, to my notion, was the editor of the Longhorn Razor. He was thoroughly familiar with all matters of finance, and hence must be in easy circumstances. Had he been fortunate enough to secure the reins of government in this glorious land of the slave and home of the devil, I feel sure that much suffering would have been saved the race, and that every man would be a capitalist in his own name and his wife a second degree capitalist in fee simple. Not having been granted this opportunity, I recognized that the savior of the people was forced to dabble with sage brush journalism in the wilds and await his chance. I struck him for a job and he readily gave it to me. I determined if possible to learn so fast that I could soon run a newspaper myself and give advice to the Philippines relatives to the toothsome qualities of dog meat.

I was set about teaching the editors in the office and carrying water to the young man who set the type. The editor was a very righteous man and could quote scripture by the yard or square foot. The atmosphere of the place was so saintly that I was not even handicapped by being called "the devil" as many young men are nowadays. But I didn't last long in that job, for my ambition to make a living soon overpowered my weakness for becoming great.

The editor had a unique way of getting his news. It wasn't necessary to "drum up news" in those days. It just came to him. John Hickory and Tobias, Corncrib of Bitter Hollow, would ride up once a week on their broncs and give in their little quota of news, and then someone else would follow suit. Usually the editor would be sunning himself on the office porch, and news bearers would be requested to sit tight.

"Wal, what's the news, Tobe?" he would ask.

"Putty scarce, putty scarce, this week," would be the reply. "Hearn tell about Sophie Ann Hardtack being on the pony list?"

"No. Sho' nuff!"

"Yas, An' Miss Bacon who lives up the creek, is lookin' pearly this week."

"Ole man Smith, then, lives up in Deer Prong canon, has cashed in his checks."

"Blessed air they that walk in the paths of righteousness, for up sich air the kingdom of heaven," interrupted the editor.

"Sho' nuff. An' ole lady Gleson that didn't expect to live until spring, is ex-lively as a yearlin'."

"Blessed air they that expect nothing, fer verily they shall not be disappointed," said the editor.

"Sally Jenkins is looking as putty as a picture these days and they do say that she and Josh Fodder air kalin' on gettin' spliced."

"No, that ain't the way uv it," interrupted Tobias. "Kain't ye ever eny git enything right? She's figurin' on git-ting spliced, but that duds the list cum over from Alamogordo. If ye git it in the paper that-a-way about Josh Fodder, he'll be madder'n a hornit."

"Oh, shut up yer yawp, Tobias, or I'll give ye a swat across the gob. You uns ain't literary no how. I guess I know how to git up the news, fer the paper, and I'd like to know who's correspondint of Bitter Hollow, you or me?"

I was an interested listener to this colloquy, but was hardly prepared for the next move of the learned editor. He came into the office and spoke to the foreman: "Say Rubie, give me a chaw uv tobacco!"

"Aw, I darsen't you'd take sech an ungodly chaw."

"Well, Rubie, you deal it out yer self."

"If the terbacker lose its savour, wherewith shall it be terbacker," irreverently muttered the scribe.

"He seemed to enjoy his knowledge of the scripture, and my estimation of him rose a little. I thought I would give him a trial on Shakespeare and Browning during my first leisure hour, but when he prepared his copy in exactly the same language as it had been handed in by his Bitter Creek correspondent I went on a strike. I hadn't been long in making up my mind to quit newspaper work up in Michigan, and had no inclination to start in and learn the system. It was too intricate for me, and as I didn't have a Texas gammar, I concluded to give it up."

"Say, boss," I said to him. "I don't know no more. I have earned only wages or not, but of I hev, I'd like to git it and git to sum place where I kin git my livin' by the sweat uv my brow. I'm gittin' too old to start in at the top rung uv the ladder of journalism and guess I'll find a job on the section summers. Sab?"

He understood that my resignation had been presented. Had I referred to the matter in English it is doubtful if he would have understood.

Every once in a while I see something in the papers about Mrs. Catt and Miss Hayes, women's rights lecturers. This reminds me that I once passed through El Paso on my way to Santa Fe and before boarding the train I purchased an El Paso newspaper. I always do this when in El Paso whether I expect to get my money's worth or not. I take along enough money so that I will have something to spend foolishly when I go on a trip. I noticed that Mrs. Catt and Miss Hayes were mentioned in the paper as going to Santa Fe also. Soon two ladies entered the car and I knew by intuition that they were the ones who were spreading the gladsome doctrine of female suffrage.

Two such great personages and began to study them. I have never been very ardently in favor of female suffrage, but their appearance came very near impressing me that there must be something back of the movement.

I called on a lady while in Santa Fe and she casually mentioned that she would attend the suffrage meeting next evening.

All the ladies who did not have to work for a living were there (provided they belonged to one particular social set) and a few who were required to work, but had done up their dishes and taken a little time that they could not very well spare, also attended to hear the gospel preached. The tenets of the creed are very beautiful. It has for its ultimate object the elevation of the women of the land. Surely a laudible ambition if the ladies seemed elevating, but I don't believe they do.

Those present for the most part included women whose husbands held private and public snaps, which afforded their wives plenty of time to probe into the domestic affairs of other people and "dream" about reforming and elevating them. The discourse was glittering with generalities and very eloquent. It was one of the most enjoyable hen parties that I ever heard of.

In a little shop across the way was the wife of a tailor busily plying her needle and helping her husband lay by something for the proverbial rainy day and provide a sufficient sum to give their sons a better education than they themselves possessed. The hen party was elevating her. Of course she was not asked to be present at the meeting for the simple reason that her clothes were not good enough and she lacked a sufficient degree of intelligence to grasp the meat dispensed in the flowing eloquence of the walking delegates. A few doors up the street was another lady, not lacking in intelligence, but she was not invited because she did not belong to "our set."

A little further on was another who cared for two children and remained exclusively at home. She would not go if she could, bless her heart, and she would not be invited anyway, because her husband didn't have sufficient money to break through the upper social crust.

When I reflected on these things the utter hollowness and foolishness of the whole situation appealed to me. They were not reaching humanity; they were merely enjoying a little social chat within the sacred precincts of their charming little social circle. They were doing no good, but it might be well for them to think so, for it occupied their minds, and prevented them from spending that much time in meddlesome contemplation of their neighbors.

And when I compared the condition of my own, humble but happy little home: A wife struggling with me to attain some higher elevation, both mentally and financially; meager household appointments, but sufficient to keep her mind occupied in an endeavor to keep it tidy and prepare for my bodily wants; the comforts and joys dispensed from that hearthstone; the tenderness and solicitude felt for each others worries and health; the love that seemed to emanate from that home life, and the joyous evenings together in amusement and study. And say! If Carrie Chapman or any other old cat comes around my house trying to induce my wife to take part in politics and purity them, or attend club meetings and neglect me, or to elevate herself and break up our home happiness, I'll elevate a walking delegate in a manner that will leave no doubt as to my standing on the suffrage movement.

Pillsbury's best flour at People's Bks.

LETTER LIST.
Letters remaining uncalled for in the postoffice at Alamogordo, N. M., for the month ending Dec. 31, 1890:

Abeitia, Sr. Felipe	Romanach, Recente
Alba, Sr. Leandro	Rodriguez de B. Eusebio
Alila, Don Sotero	River, Roy
Bla, Sr. Sotero	Robison, Albert—2
Becker, Rudolph	Sanchez, Tibilio
Dewalt, Sohn	Shields, W. A.
Equipuel, Fuhrenso	Stephens, C. L.
Eaton, Miss Mary	Sontrall, M. W.
Giron, Mr. Nicolas	Taylor, Miss Abbie
Gambou, Antonia S	Thillet, W. E.
Suarez, Miguel	Villalpando, Sr. Carlos
Loliz, Sr. Anastacia	Whitney, Miss Bell
	Woolworth, C. L.

If the above letters are not called for, in 30 days they will be sent to the dead letter office, Washington, D. C.

F. M. RHOMBURG, P. M.

Kind to Her.



"Do you consider it selfish for a man to take a vacation trip by himself?"

"Not at all, Simpson; think what a rest your wife will get."

Our hapless Language.
Mrs. Average (pouting)—Professor Garner is about to issue his work descriptive of the language of monkeys.

Mr. Average—I'm sorry to hear that. It won't be long before the scientists will be saying that all language is derived from monkeys, and then they'll be revising our dictionaries to give all words the true original monkey pronunciation.—New York Weekly.

Jernagan Got Some.
They were sitting on the beach trying to catch what the wild waves were saying.

"I dearly love the sea," said the first sweet girl as she gazed at the billowy expanse.

"Oh, what's the use?" replied the second sweet girl. "You know the attempt to extract gold from it was a failure."—Chicago News.

The Parisian Audience.
"Were you present when that witless testified in the Dreyfus case?"

"Yes. It was inspiring. His enunciation was good, his gestures superb and his costume appropriate."

"But did he tell the truth?"

"Why, you don't expect one to notice everything, do you?"—Washington Star.

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B. F. Darbyshire, S. W. P. A. R. W. Curran
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E. P. TURNER, G. P. & T. A. Dallas, Tex.

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than the American summer resorts. The

table-land on which the road is located—

level.

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statistics for a number of years, has been

Fahrenheit.

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of interest in our sister Republic, while on the

marvelous